

(Roll Sloppy Love Jingle Sequence 1. Action!)

Bartender!

"Yeah I hear your wise ass, give me a minute."

I'm trying to get this round over here.

"What do you think I'm just working for you here?"

Actually, will you, will you send a drink, to the lady at the end of the bar? Yeah that one right there.

"Here you are man."

Yeah, yeah. It's on me. Tell her it's from Travie.

"It's from this guy over here."

From the second she shimmied in

I was intrigued by her essence

And my first instincts to make sure that my presence was felt

Simple and plain

I'm probably jumping the train

But all I could see was my name engraved on her belt

Hit the pause button

Damn!

I don't even know this girl

And I'm already practicing my sweet-nothings

But that's a classic trait of a soft-spoken, heart-broken, fellow like my self best believe (pussy)

I tend to wear my heart on my sleeve

But that night the Jagermeister had my sleeves rolled up

Wait a minute, hold up

I think she caught me grillin' now I'm spillin' my drink (don't look don't look)

I knew our feelings were in sync so now she gave me the wink

The only problem is, I'm not your ordinary, average Romeo

A Cyrano de Bergerac (shut the fuck up)

In fact, I remember back in fifth grade

I tried to read the book of love, but sadly

The introduction didn't grab me

So I left it on the shelf and kept moving

Assuming that this planet rotates

I'll just procrastinate until the day I bump into my soulmate

Who would've think I would be pissy ass drunk when time came for collision

So I made the decision to just keep my composure (cool cool)

Until she started getting closer

And then I felt this weird feeling underneath my left shoulder, and then I

Slipped, tripped, busted my lip and fell in love

The minute that she stepped in the door

The type of girl I'd have to make a couple mix tapes for

To me she equaled MC squared and everything else was mathematics

I never took the time to practice